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THE COMFORT OF THE STARS.

When I am overmatched with petty cares,
And things of earth loom large and look to be
Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me
To step into the night and feel the airs
Of heaven fan my cheek; and, best of all,
Gaze up into those all-uncharted seas
Where swim the stately planets! Such as these
Make mortal fret seem slight and temporal.

I muse on what of life may stir among
Those spaces knowing not of metes nor bars—
Undreamed-of dramas played in outmost stars,
And lyrics by archangels grandly sung.
I grow familiar with the solar runes
And comprehend of worlds the mystic birth—
Ringed Saturn, Mars, whose fashion apes the earth,
And Jupiter, the giant, with his moons.

Then dizzy with the unspeakable sights above,
Rebuked by vast on vast, my puny heart
Is greatened by its transitory part,
My trouble merged in wonder and in love.

—Richard Burton.

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Reading Room

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NOT FOR MONEY!

The salaries received by the Congregational ministers of the United States do not indicate that they are in the work of the ministry for the money there is in it. Evidently there isn't much money in it.

According to the last year book 4940 churches reported the salaries paid. In only 554 churches do the salaries exceed \$1,500. In only 288 do they exceed \$2,000; and in only 171 do they exceed \$2,500. Only 97 churches pay salaries above \$3,000, and only 48 above \$4,000. Churches to the number of 3,523 pay not to exceed \$1,000; and 1356 are as low as \$500 and under.

Of the 6,048 churches 1,170 made no report as to salaries; but in the main these were small churches.

Of the 240 churches in California 75 made no report as to salary. Only three were listed as paying more than \$4,000. These were the First of San Francisco, Los Angeles and Pasadena—\$10,000, \$5,000 and \$4,500 respectively. The first of Oakland made no report. But it pays \$6,000 to the pastor and \$2,000 to the director of religious education.

Other than these only 19 churches in California pay salaries that exceed \$1,500. Eleven of these do not exceed \$2,000 and 4 do not exceed \$2,500. Claremont pays \$3,300; the First of San Diego, Long Beach, and First of Berkeley \$3,000 each.

Alameda and Mission of San Francisco pay \$2,500; Santa Ana, \$2,300; Pomona and Plymouth of Oakland \$2,100.

There are seven that pay \$2,000: Church of the Messiah, of Los Angeles, Ontario, West Side of Pasadena, Redlands, Sacramento, San Jose.

We get down to the \$1500 amount by naming the few which pay between that and \$2,000: North of Berkeley \$1,900; Stockton, \$1,800; Riverside, \$1,800.

In Northern California the churches paying a salary of \$1,500 number 7. They are: Palo Alto, Santa Cruz, Eureka, Oroville, Oakland Pilgrim, Oakland Fourth, Bethany of San Francisco.

In Southern California there are 8 that pay \$1,500, as

follows: Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Whittier, Monrovia, Oneonta of Pasadena, Plymouth, East and Bethlehem of Los Angeles.

In the state of Washington, there are only 11 churches in which the salaries exceed \$1,500. The Washington churches number 189.

Plymouth of Seattle pays \$6,000; Pilgrim \$3,600; University \$2,400; Prospect, \$1,600; West Seattle \$2,000; Tacoma First \$3,000; Spokane, Westminster, \$3,400; Plymouth \$2,000; Walla Walla, \$2,500; Everett, \$2,000; North Yakima, \$1,900; Bellingham, \$1,650.

Three churches in Washington pay \$1,500: Olympia, Queen Anne of Seattle and Pilgrim of Spokane.

In Oregon only five churches pay salaries that exceed \$1,500. They are: First of Portland, \$4,500; Hassalo, \$2,000; Sunnyside, \$1,800; Salem, First, \$1,800; Hood River \$1,600.

In Oregon four churches pay \$1,500. They are: Ashland, Corvallis, The Dalles and Atkinson Memorial of Portland.

In California only 53 churches other than those heretofore named pay more than \$1,000; in Washington only 28; in Oregon only 10.

In 90 of the California churches the salaries do not exceed \$1,000; in 49 they do not exceed \$750, and in 26 they are as low as \$500 and under.

In 43 Washington churches the salaries range from \$751 to \$1,000; in 23 from \$501 to \$750; in 33 they are \$500 and under.

Forty-four of the 59 churches in Oregon made report, and 29 of those reporting paid salaries ranging from \$1,000 to \$500 and less. Fourteen stood at "\$500 and less."

It is safe to say that in every state nearly all of the churches making no report would come in the "\$500 and less" class.

The Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, of the chair of Pastoral Theology of McCormick Seminary, says that the ruling spirit of the ideal ministry is love—an absorbing love for Christ and truth and men. "Love gave birth to the plan of redemption and love floods the whole scheme. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it. Christ so loved the world that he gave up everything to give us everything." Love is the commanding commandment. Love is the gift of gifts. No one should think of entering the ministry unless he can say in all sincerity, "The love of Christ constraineth me." Paul wrote to the Church of Corinth "I seek not yours but you. . . . And I will most gladly spend and be spent for your souls."

Jesus said: "If any man will come after me let him take up his cross and follow me." The only way that leads to life is the Way of the Cross. But there is satisfaction in this way. We heard not long ago a man who has spent a half a century in the work of the ministry, only meagerly supported, say that if he had his life to live over again he would choose that work. Often are heard the words: "I would not exchange my work for any other on earth!" Another has asked, "Who utters these words?" And he answers: "They are uttered not so often by the farmer, or merchant, or physician, or lawyer, or teacher, as by the pastor; and not so often by the pastor of an affluent parish as by the missionary in this and foreign lands."

Some years ago a minister wrote: "The tenderest recollections of my life are associated with my parish in the country, every square foot of which has a sort of sacredness to me; the houses, the roads, the marriage altars, the graves—all make up a totality of experience that I would

not exchange for the fortune of a Stewart or an Astor. And yet pecuniarily I was often straitened."

Men who go into the ministry well know that for the large majority there cannot be much monetary reward. But they must have that on which to live. We believe it is true as Washington Gladden wrote years ago that "their privations, self-denials and sufferings are not often on the lips of clergymen." For this very reason it behooves the churches to ask themselves not infrequently whether they are providing for these servitors as they ought. And in every such consideration let it be remembered that the minister's ordinary expenses are greater than those of the average members of his congregation.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Oakland has 86 church buildings. Several churches are without buildings.

It is thought that about one-half of the Indian children of school age in California are out of school.

C. P. Dorland, for many years in the work of the Congregational ministry in Southern California, is now Mayor of Monrovia.

The Rev. Dr. House of Spokane, Washington, will occupy the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Portland, Oregon, Sunday, August 25th.

The Rev. Grant Lewis, the National Secretary of Missions for the "Christian" Church, says that Southern California is the most progressive in missionary work.

C. C. Chapman, a wealthy layman in the "Christian" Church of Southern California, gives an encyclopedia and a periodical publication to every pastor receiving a salary less than \$1,200.

"Switzerland could be dropped in the great scenic section of Idaho and be lost in the labyrinth of mountain grandeur that would surround it." So writes one who has seen both.

"Their pastor, their teacher, their doctor, and their lawyer"—that is what it is said Miss M. E. Chase has been for several years to the Hoopa Indians. She has 420 of them in her parish.

There were only 41 days in eight years at San Diego when the thermometer registered above 85 degrees. Twenty-two days when it registered higher than 90; four when it was 96, and one when it was 101.

Los Angeles has 1,000 miles of interurban electric lines. Seattle has 60, and yet a resident of the latter city declares that it is bordered by an agricultural country that might and will hold a population larger than that of Seattle today.

A fast freight line between Boston and Los Angeles is being promoted for operation as soon as the Panama Canal is opened. The trip will be made in fifteen days. By rail, at present fast freight requires from fourteen to seventeen days.

"The pew-renting system which masses the rich in the best seats is an invention of the evil one," says Dr. Sydney Strong of Seattle. "A church that has boulevards and avenues and alleys will cut no figure in bringing the kingdom of righteousness."

The Rev. Dr. Brougher of Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles, received recently a warning letter reading: "Keep on preaching the way you have been doing lately, criticising people and condemning others, and we will lay you out. You are marked." Dr. Brougher has received other similar letters and many from cranks.

When Occidental College, Los Angeles, was a strictly Presbyterian institution, J. A. Merrill, formerly in the ministry, now in the real estate business, subscribed to the endowment fund \$2,000. He did not pay, giving as reason therefor the change mentioned and also change of location. The courts have rendered judgment against him.

A Winnipeg visitor tells the people of Seattle that they are speed-mad. He says also that he often sees the driver of an auto looking back and talking and laughing with occupants of the rear seats; and during Potlatch week he saw a man who was driving a car with five occupants at a good clip on a busy street let go of the steering-wheel to light a cigar.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Thirty per cent of the people of Chicago cannot speak the English language. Only 27 per cent are of American parentage. Our great cities are the melting pots into which to cast the diverse nationalities out of which are to come the future American.

Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin, who is past 80 years of age, is the oldest man in Congress. "Eat little and don't worry," is his prescription for a long life. As for himself, he says that but little sleep is necessary. For the last twenty years he has not averaged more than four or five hours' sleep a night.

The Mt. Morris Baptist Church of New York City has decided to admit to membership by letter the unimmersed. This is in line with the action taken in California recently by a few Disciple and Baptist churches. Several Baptist leaders in the East, among them President Faunce of Brown University, Rev. Dr. Russell, H. Conwell of Philadelphia, Dr. Fosdick of Montclair, New Jersey, have stood for this for some time. English Baptists have from the earliest days received the unimmersed by letter.

Few spots on earth are developing in more modern fashion than is ancient Palestine, says the Boston Transcript. Railroads are building between principal cities, and trolley lines will soon connect all of the smaller places of note. English capital, keen to transport sight-seers of the whole Christian world, and prepared later to advertise and increase the number of such tourists, is supplementing that of the Jews. The Jewish development claims to have brought charity to an end and to have put in its place business methods. Improvement is making in farms, in common shops, in the scale of wages of laborers, and even in the founding of a health bureau and an agricultural experiment station. Last of all, there is forming a publicity department similar to that maintained by California fruit-growers.

A professor in a college at Delhi writes of what he calls the latent church in India: "I am an Indian Christian, who had an education in a government college, and came powerfully under modern influences. It is often said that Christian missionary work among the educated classes has been a failure. I can tell you that it is not. I know exactly

what is going on in this country, what the people are thinking, and I can tell you from my own experience that the work is not a failure, in spite of the fact that there are not so many cases of individual conversions now as formerly. The great contribution of the missionary to India is the bringing of the sacred and inviolable personality of Jesus Christ. He is accepted by millions in India as a great Prophet. Many acknowledge his supremacy. Scores of people read the Gospels and frankly declare: 'That is the Life to be copied. I believe there is a Church which is latent, and that Church will some day be made manifest, and that is what those who are critics of Christian missions have failed to see.'

A SUNDAY IN SALT LAKE CITY.

W. N. Burr.

In the morning I went to the Church of My Own Family. We Congregationalists have never had much sectarian training, but some of us are just narrow enough to have more of the "home" feeling when in association with Congregationalists than with others. Congregationalists are "good mixers," too good for their own good sometimes. So just to keep our beloved church family somewhere near the balance point it is necessary that some of us be loyal almost to the point of sectarianism. When I am away from home on Sunday I seldom use up any mental power debating the question "Where shall I go to church today?" The Congregational church gets me if there is one in town.

But I had to rub my eyes in Salt Lake City to convince myself that I had not misread the outside name-board, and the name of the church on the "Weekly Calendar." The goodly number of people who had gathered looked like Congregationalists, but the service did not begin in the good old Congregational way, and as it proceeded it took on more and more a strange appearance. It became as erratic as a comet. I wondered what turn it would take next. And when the "turn" came it was always the unexpected.

From beginning to end there was not a Bible in sight. The officiating minister said: "I gather my Scripture from many sources, wherever I happen to find it," and he read a paragraph from one of Emerson's "Essays" and one of Browning's short poems, in place of the usual "Scripture lesson" from the Bible.

"Well," thought I, "there was meat in the Emerson paragraph and in the Browning poem. I am pretty hungry this morning. Almost anything that is clean tastes good. But somehow this is not quite satisfying. I am fed and still I hunger."

There was no audible prayer in that service, no pastoral prayer. The minister said: "We will have a few moments of thoughtful silence." I have no doubt it was prayer time in many hearts as we sat there in the silence. To me it is very restful and helpful to sometimes sit in fellowship with others and "in the silence," unbroken by the sound of human voice, commune with God. But I have been helped, strengthened, inspired too often by the uttered prayers that have come warm, sweet and tender from the hearts of godly men to be ready to omit the audible prayer from our church service of worship. The silence was broken by the choir singing Charles Wesley's "Love Divine, all Love Excelling."

After that came the sermon. Without Scripture text the speaker began in this way: "Nearly a century and a half

ago the American colonies proclaimed independence of the mother country. We have hardly begun to realize the spiritual implications of that act. Fighting for political freedom they actually achieved spiritual emancipation. And so I like to review our national history from its very beginnings, and read its deeper lessons. America and democracy are my religion, my very life. I think of them in spiritual terms."

And then he went on and gave us a splendid address, on "America and Democracy." I gathered a great deal of good from it, of the kind. But to me it was not soul-satisfying. Something that my own deeper nature craved was lacking.

At the close of the service the usual benediction was omitted. The minister raised his hand, the people arose and bowed their heads, while he spoke an impromptu exhortation to good citizenship.

As we went out I asked one of the ushers if that was the pastor of the church to whom we had been listening. "O, no," he replied, "our pastor is away for a few weeks. That was Rabbi Charles Fleischer, of Boston, who is to supply the pulpit during our pastor's absence."

The usual order of service had been changed out of respect to the Rabbi's religious views.

In the afternoon I went to the great Mormon service at the Tabernacle. Prominent people—lecturers, educators, reformers, writers—who may be stopping in Salt Lake City over Sunday are often invited to speak at these meetings. The day I was there the speaker was Dr. Franklin H. Giddings, of the Department of Sociology at Columbia University, New York.

Dr. Giddings was introduced by Mr. B. H. Roberts, one of the officials of the Mormon church, who said in part: "We, the Mormon people, as we are called, are working for the good of the whole world, and so we are always ready to welcome to our services men like Dr. Giddings, for it is our faith that the glory of God and the glory of man is intelligence. Mormon patriotism to the nation is deep," said he, "and based on the belief that in a government like ours the sovereign people are beholden unto God to do right. We welcome Dr. Giddings here today, and he will speak to us on 'America's Political Problems.'"

Who says the church in this day has its head in the clouds? In my church-going that day I ran against American politics at every turn.

That morning Dr. Giddings had attended the Annual June Festival of the Salt Lake Mormon Sunday Schools, the Mormon "Children's Day." He referred to it in opening his address. Said he:

"It would be impossible for any man not to be touched by the warm welcome I have here received. I attended the Children's Service here at the Tabernacle this morning, and to me it was a beautiful sight. As I sat here listening to the children my thoughts ran something like this: What part are these children to play in the coming years of the American nation, in which we of all creeds and ancestry are striving to build a great civilization—not the mightiest, but the best?"

"Following this thought I ask attention to reflections concerning the changes that are taking place in the political development of this government."

"I remember once meeting a man who had made what most of us would look upon as a great and rich success in life; and I asked him how he had done it; and his reply was: 'I have stopped to think hard!' Just now we are having here in this country great excitement over political mat-

ters. What shall be the effect if we simply drift into anger, bitterness, dissension? Some of us are disposed to stop and think hard. We ask: 'At what point have we arrived?' 'What are our resources for dealing with new problems of a new time, and in what spirit shall we meet them?'

"We are talking a great deal about progress in these days, the 'Progressive Movement' is in the air. What is Progress? Is it simply change? Certainly it is more than change, it is change with improvement, change with betterment.

"This is the surest test of progress: when an entire people has ruled its spirit, has learned to face its problems with a quiet courage. Now apply this test to our political history. Formerly, far more frequently than now, when men differed the outcome was attended with serious results. More of the revolutionary spirit would appear and appeal to force. Our problems are more complex now, and people are more miscellaneous; and that it should be possible under such conditions for intelligent rather than for physical force to dominate is remarkable. Our political differences are being settled now by discussion rather than by force. We have made progress."

This is a taste of the first course of the feast spread by Dr. Giddings that day. I enjoyed it all; and yet I was not satisfied. I wanted something finer for my Sunday feasting.

No evening service was held at either the First Congregational or First Presbyterian churches that day, so I drifted into the "First" church of another denomination. The sermon-text was, "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

"At last," thought I, "the finer food is to be set before me;" and I leaned back in my seat to enjoy it. But the good man in the pulpit became so enthusiastic over the first part of his text that he forgot to bring in the last of it; and it was just that for which my soul was longing.

On the whole, my Sunday in Salt Lake City was a helpful one. But it would have been more satisfying if a little more emphasis had been placed upon the heart of the whole matter by the speakers to whom I listened.

La Canada, California.

THE MORMON CHURCH WILL MAKE USE OF MOVING PICTURES.

Moving pictures are being prepared to represent the history of the Mormon Church and are to be used by its missionaries in different parts of the world. According to a Salt Lake correspondent under the direction of Mormon leaders a scenario is being prepared by theatrical men and Mormon historians, and soon a company of about 50 fine actors will be taken there from this coast to take leading parts in the performance that is to be caught by the machines. They will be reinforced by several hundred Mormons, among whom will be some of the pioneers who came to Salt Lake valley with Brigham Young. The Mormon church has not announced officially that it is sponsor for the plan, but it is being carried out on such an elaborate scale that there is little reason to believe that the moving picture managers from Los Angeles who are doing the work would have taken it up unless they had received assurance that they would be protected from loss.

The picture story will begin with the supposed finding of the golden plates of the Book of Mormon by Joseph Smith in New York state, including the visit of an angel to him as he was praying. Other high points will be the

forced exodus from Missouri, the killing of Joseph and Hyrum Smith by the mob at Nauvoo, Ill., the long journey of the Mormons to the Rockies and scenes connected with their settlement of the forbidding valleys they found. The conclusion will be pictures showing the life of to-day in Utah. All the chiefs of the church will be represented from time to time by actors, and it is probable that President Joseph F. Smith and his chief counselors will appear in person.

Most of the scenes are to be staged in the mountains near Salt Lake City, particularly in Emigration canyon, through which the Mormons emerged into the Salt Lake valley. A call has been sent out for such prairie schooners and other relics of pioneer days as have been preserved. It is probable that an effort will be made to show these pictures in the theaters, but their real use will be in the propaganda of the church, which has missionaries in all parts of the world.

BOOK NOTES.

"Crossing the Bar." George A. Gordon. This is a study and interpretation of Tennyson's lyric of life everlasting by the pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, with the hope that the analysis may make it more significant and dear to some hearts. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 25 cents net, postage 3 cents.)

"The Gift of Suffering." By Bishop Hoffman. Laid aside from active work by illness Bishop Hoffman of the Reformed Episcopal Church wrote a series of meditations on the mystery of pain and suffering which are now sent forth for the comfort of others. They are on subjects as follows: The Gift of Suffering, Is God in Our Lives? Divine Concealments, Insoluble Problems, Affliction, Benefits of Affliction, Increasing Trouble, The Smaller Troubles of Life, Resignation, The Uses of Sickness, Recovery from Sickness. (Eaton & Mains, New York, 75 cents net.)

"Trees And Men." William Valentine Kelly. This little volume speaks of the tree as having an interest for us far more than commercial and shows how in various ways it attracts and affects mankind. One cannot read it without coming to more of a love for the trees and the woods. Ah bare must be the shadeless ways and bleak the path must be,

Of him who having open eyes, has never learned to see,
And so has never learned to love the beauty of a tree.
(Eaton & Mains. 25 cents net.)

"Mormonism, The Islam of America." By Bruce Kinney. Dr. Kinney was formerly superintendent of Baptist missions in Utah and writes with a thorough understanding of the principles and working of Mormonism. His book is the best brief presentation of Mormonism extant. The Council of Women for Home Missions has made it the Home Mission Text Book for 1912-1913. After giving a history of the Mormons and considering their sacred books and their organizations and methods several chapters are devoted to Mormonism as a religion, as a life, and to missions among Mormons. F. H. Revell Co. New York, 50 cents net.)

"The Mission Of The Prophet." George A. Gordon. In this little volume of 33 pages Dr. Gordon of the Old South Church, Boston, sets forth what the minister should be and calls on the churches to "consider well the men who are

to sound life for its divine meanings and who are to proclaim these meanings as eternal truth." Congregations get what they want, says Dr. Gordon. "Set up mean standards for your minister, conceive his service in a petty way, take all the greatness out of it, and you will have weak men in your pulpit; your punishment will be judicial blindness; you will admire the mean and think it excellent. Ask your minister to be a man of God, a scholar in the school of Christ; ask him to sight and follow the highest ideals to teach you, to exalt the whole range of your being, and to inspire you as you struggle upward, and you will have a prophet for your minister." (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 25 cents; postage 3 cents.)

"The Religious Uses of Memory." By the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman. Dr. Cadman who is pastor of Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn, New York, gives to the reading public in this little book with the foregoing title a sermon on the text: "And thou shalt remember all the way which Jehovah thy God hath led thee." The Book of Deuteronomy is said to be emphatically the book of remembrance. "The book, like an angel standing in the path, solemnly adjures this stiff-necked and self-willed race to recall the numberless experiences of the past. It would warn them against the perilous indifference toward God worship and duty engendered by prosperity. It beseeches them to turn from every distraction of the present and seek the Author of their blessings in the light of their consecrated remembrance." Then the preacher goes on to show how the book offers the wisest and loftiest remonstrance against every God-forgetting age. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 50 cents net.)

A COLLEGE Y. W. C. A.

Every one knows that there is such an organization as the Y. W. C. A., and that in cities it often proves a friend in need to the lonely or homesick girl, and a source of amusement and instruction for any girl who cares to enjoy its privileges. But the college association, while in its own way doing as effective work, is not so well known. In California, at the present time, there are about ten flourishing student associations, whose work deserves to be given greater publicity.

A student association operates under an advisory board composed of representative church women, and a cabinet made up of elected students, who employ a secretary to help them carry out their association policies and aims. A specially trained college woman is the person needed to fill this position. She is the one who can reach the girls, and who is best suited to be a real friend and helper to them.

The aim of the association is to bring the abundant life through the four-fold activities—social, physical, intellectual and spiritual. This is done through the secretary and through the girls themselves grouped into committees where the special work is planned and carried through.

A big association, as the Stanford Y. W. C. A., has three hundred fifty members in college. It uses a budget of about twelve hundred dollars, and needs much more to do adequate work and to be able to meet the opportunities which present themselves. There should be a supporting constituency outside as well as within the college, for there are always many splendid causes which must be neglected or at least partially so on account of the lack of funds.

The secretary works with the local churches and the college chaplain in spiritual lines. She is a general guide and a personal friend to all of the college women. Through her girls who desire employment may become self-supporting. This last year the Stanford Association has established a loan fund, so that any college girl may be helped in case of emergency.

The Cabinet's work is along the broad lines of effective social service. The interest in missions has been greatly stimulated by Mission Study courses, the meetings of which occur at appointed times every week. Bible classes are carried on under the same plan. These are led sometimes by faculty members, sometimes by the secretary, or by prominent ministers.

A Sunday school training course has been a very needed help to those who could attend. The Social Service Committee has conducted the campus Sunday school, held sewing classes in the Mayfield schools, made inspection trips to San Francisco philanthropies, and done good cheer work. The Devotional Committee provides a speaker for each weekly meeting, and makes all other arrangements concerned with it directly. During the past year Stanford women have had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Jordan, Dr. Piexotto, Dr. Castor, Dr. Arthur Smith of China, and prominent Y. W. C. A. workers. Other committees carry on other branches of the work—the Advertising, Membership, Tokio, Intercollegiate, etc., committees.

The Association co-operates with the churches to keep students in churches of their own faith and true to the call of the spiritual life. It endeavors to keep the community Christian in tone and motive, and to send the student out to a well-rooted and earnest Christian life.

The place of the Y. W. C. A. in Stanford is an important one. It has gone on record as "the most effective organization among the women." Its field for service is constantly widening. Its opportunity for adequate work in this field depends not alone on its members, not alone on its college, but on the interest and sympathy and help given to it by the churches and Christian friends, with whom it is working side by side for the advancement of Christ's cause.

A MOVEMENT TO REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING IN NEW YORK.

Having investigated the present actual conditions of the supply, marketing and distribution of food to the consumer in New York city and the other chief centers of population in New York state, the state food investigating commission has now reached definite conclusions and formulated them in its report with recommendations for legislative action. To meet the general complaint of the increasing cost of living the committee's main purpose was to examine how far in the marketing of food commodities prices are raised to the consumer by inadequate and uneconomical facilities and methods of distribution. The variety and universality of the marketing process in New York city afforded a most valuable field for the examination and demanded the greatest share of attention.

The Springfield Republican says: "The committee found that the marketing agencies of Greater New York are covered by 13 classes of food distributors, ranging from the municipal wholesale markets, the wholesale markets conducted by railroad and steamship lines and the farmers' markets to the corner grocery and push-cart types. Among

these distributing agencies, the markets committee reached the conclusion that the large retail unit or food department store buying direct, receiving direct, and selling direct is the best economic type in point of efficiency, minimum of waste, satisfactory distribution and due rewards for management and capital. Toward the development of such stores, the committee believes retailers, wholesalers and private organizations should move.

"The fundamental aid then, in seeking the reduction of the cost of food, is to minimize the cost of distribution. The committee estimates that the annual food supply of the Greater New York costs at transportation terminals \$350,000,000 or over, and that it costs in the consumers' kitchens \$500,000,000 or over. Testimony taken at the hearings, the committee thinks, shows that this addition of about 45 per cent to the price is chiefly made by cost of handling and not by profits. In fact, the evidence showed that the smaller retailers are barely making wages, the corner groceries being generally a mere means of gaining a family livelihood. The suggested substitution of large unit retail stores capable of supplying 25,000 to 50,000 people, each equipped with cold and general storage facilities, would, the committee finds, bring about a system of food distribution at a cost of 15 per cent without delivery and 20 per cent with delivery, as against a cost of 25 to 30 per cent for the present separate wholesale and retail systems without delivery, and a cost of 35 to 40 per cent with delivery. If the plans adopted by most successful agencies for wholesale and retail distribution respectively should be followed in New York city at large, the committee estimates the reorganization of the facilities and methods of doing business would result in a saving of \$60,000,000 a year, or 12 per cent on the present retail prices. The committee which had as its chairman William Church Osborn, also comprised Calvin H. Huson, commissioner of agriculture, and Ezra A. Tuttle, assisted by Horace Bruce and Raymond A. Pearson, ex-commissioner of agriculture."

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

The Ruins of Panama.

All strangers who had a day of leisure in Panama were puzzled by the strange sights of clean and well-cared-for dwelling-houses, mingled, on all the chief streets, with dirty heaps of stone and mortar, evidently the ruins of large buildings. It looked as if an earthquake had toppled these down and spared the others. They soon learned, however, that the money of passengers had restored the dwellings, but had not reached these ruins.

Some of these were churches, as any one could see, but so wrecked as to be useless, and no one seemed to care if they might or might not ever be used again.

About one-half of the entire area of the city was occupied by churches and convents, some of these covering a whole block each. There were fifteen churches and seven convents, all fine buildings, as the taste of the people went; but none of them were of modern architecture. They were massive, but rough, and very strongly built. Lofty walls are yet standing, and look as if they might stand for a hundred years longer, yet the roofs are all fallen and piles of stone and mortar obstruct all passage. One thing that makes them all picturesque is the effort of nature to hide

their decay. All are partly clothed with rank vegetation. One has a frill all about its neck—that is, the top of its walls—consisting of a mass of bushes ten feet high. Another has a squash vine hanging all around its top, on which in their season ripe red squashes hang in plenty. One day I saw in a break of that "frill" of bushes a large monkey, with white head and shoulders, sitting silent and forlorn, looking like a priest in a white surplice, dreaming sadly of the splendid past, and I thought that his worship might be as pleasing to God as the mummary once performed within those walls.

In another of these ruined churches—that of San Domingo—is the most remarkable arch I ever saw. It is about forty feet of span, with so little convexity that one wonders how it was ever built or what it could support, yet there it stands without a break or flaw. Those ancient builders knew how to make a mortar or cement for stone work that modern builders cannot equal—their lime was made from seashells—as is shown by walls the stone of which has been eaten away by the tide, leaving seams of mortar projecting an inch or two.

I remark, by the way, that when I was searching in vain for a room for a chapel, I was twice offered the free use of some of these churches if I would put them in condition; but as lumber cost three hundred dollars a thousand feet, and there was very little to be had even at that price, I was helpless. Otherwise, the pure Gospel of Christ might have been preached in buildings that had been consecrated to popery.

Though there were seven convents here, in the olden time, only one of these is in habitable condition, where lodge three nuns, and how they get food to sustain life is a mystery. They are never seen in any way but through grated window openings, through which food can be passed to them by the charitable. They occupy one end of the building, covering a whole block, perhaps 500 by 200 feet, once as fine a structure as the city contained. At the other end of the long building a strange thing is seen. It is a huge modern sign: "Ackerman & Co., Transportation." We wonder if the monks are trying the strange task of making themselves of some use to the world. But the huge door yields easily to pressure, and the mystery is solved. The monks are veritable Yankees, and the cells which used to witness the counting of beads echo the call of hungry mules. Christ was born in a stable, and here a convent, a larger building than Christ ever saw, and which used to bear his name, has been turned into a veritable stable. The change is a mark of the world's real progress. It is the best use that ever was made of the place. It is the most costly and magnificent stable in the world.

A thinking man is much impressed with the utter indifference of the people hereabout, the ruined state of all these convents and churches. Had I been able to fit up one of these old temples for Protestant worship I suppose that no one but the priests would have uttered a word in protest, and some of the old families would have been glad, as they made me know. In some usable rooms, in a few of these old churches, some Roman Catholic rites are still performed occasionally, but no one dreams that the buildings will be ever repaired and restored to their former use.

The central government has ordered that the abandoned churches and convents shall be confiscated, and they and what they may be sold for shall be devoted to the support of the public schools. It may be that some day, under Am-

erican occupation and rule, they will prove thus a great blessing to the country.

I have seen ruins in Asia, Africa, Europe and the Americas, and none more desolate than these.

SCATTERING AND INCREASING

"There is that scattereth and it increaseth yet more, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to want." "Pro. II: 24. (R. V.)

While visiting recently one of our smaller churches in the interior, I was told that a former pastor, when the time appointed for a missionary collection had come, would announce it on this wise: "I don't believe in this, but if any of you want to give for it, do it now." It was not a surprise to me in view of this, to find, on examining in our Year Book for several years the record of this church, a ghastly line of ciphers with paltry totals, against its name. The same friend who spoke of this, added that, more in the East than in California, he found pastors afraid to have missionary offerings lest it might lead to a lessening of their salaries.

This friend is not a pastor after that sort. He averred that it is quite as true of churches that scattering increases, as it is in business that honesty is the best policy.

He does not press his people to give on this account, any more than he would be honest because this is good policy, but he affirmed that facts would bear out the wise man's statement as quoted above with almost unfailing regularity. I am happy to state that through this brother's preaching and practice and influence it is coming to pass that the Year-Book for the current year will show no ciphers in the columns set apart for benevolences and that its apportionment will be fully met. And I am sure that he will not have to dun for his salary as possibly his predecessors may have needed to do.

The emphatic words of my brother brought to my mind a reminiscence which I am moved to record, albeit it is not honorable to myself.

In the year 1873 our General Association, representing then the whole State, met at Santa Cruz. I was not present, being in the East on the hardest job I ever undertook: the completion of a subscription of \$35,000 for the founding of our Pacific Theological Seminary. Before going East I had canvassed somewhat thoroughly our churches, then few and weak, and had gathered \$13,000. We had not in all the State at that time a strong church according to present standards. The entire membership of our churches included only three individuals who could be called rich, and one of these was beyond my reach. I accounted this amount of \$13,000 to be a magnificent showing and I still view it so, and I went East believing that in this I had my best leverage. I supposed that four months would suffice for the work there, but it took nine. And often my discouragement was great enough to have sent me home, had not the subscriptions been conditioned on the entire amount being subscribed, and had I not by God's own Spirit as I firmly believe, been brought by every new difficulty and setback which I encountered, to a firmer and firmer determination to fulfill that task if I kept at it till I died. I say all this in the hope of a more lenient judgment against me as now I relate the reminiscence.

At that session of our General Association "the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions for the Pacific Coast" was or-

ganized. My wife attended the association, participated in the organization and was chosen as one of its Directors and when at last, three months afterwards she endeavored to inspire me with some of her enthusiasm, she did not succeed. I declared that the movement was premature. I had canvassed the churches thoroughly and I knew their condition. The demands upon them right here in California were far beyond our resources. Foreign missions ought to find their incomes in communities more settled, where Christian people were more numerous and in better circumstances financially. They might succeed in raising some money, but it would make our Home work just so much the poorer and thus the less efficient.

But my good wife stood her ground. She was sure that instead of the Home work suffering, it would be made more easy because the giving spirit would be nurtured, and we would have in larger measure the gifts and blessing of our God.

And so the debate ceased as usually debates do in each of us becoming more fully persuaded and our agreeing to disagree. It did not take me long to find out who was right, and as has been usual when my better half and I have disagreed, it was not I but she—for I soon began to know how our sisters were going about it, with a zeal, a skill and a success which we men might well have emulated. They invited the American Board to set their task for them, and this was done in such a way and to such an amount as to be just within their reach with not a dollar to spare. I was still obstinate, but wisely kept my obstinacy shut up within my own breast. Then I saw them institute an apportionment plan with more fitness and more success than we men with all our Brotherhoods and all our machinery, have reached even with this lesson of our sisters before our eyes for thirty nine years. And they had nothing to begin with. The general sentiment even in the churches was amusingly represented by a card placed on the plate at the first collection taken for foreign missions in any of our churches: it read "Five dollars for Home Missions: NARY RED for Foreign."

The first step was the organization of auxiliaries and enough of our sisters like Mrs Pond went home from the Association inspired, so that the number established began to open my eyes. Then after a careful study of the circumstances of each auxiliary what we now call an Apportionment (though it did not bear the name) was made. Each auxiliary was notified as to the total amount expected of us by the Board, and the modest and sisterly inquiry was made whether the auxiliary addressed would undertake to raise the amount requested of it. The proposal was so made that so far as I remember, not a single auxiliary refused, and at the end of the year the entire amount, some \$3,500. if I remember correctly was remitted to the Board for the work our sisters undertook to sustain.

What was the effect? Were our poor churches reduced to sore straits? Far otherwise. Giving did not impoverish. There was a throb of new life which those of us who were called at that time to stand close by the heart-work of our churches became gladly conscious of. There was a closer fellowship among our churches: the meetings of the Association took on new interest and life. We began to attempt greater things and to expect success. I venture to say that no better day dawned on our churches, no day more fit to be commemorated, than that on which the Woman's Board was organized.

W. C. P.

CALIFORNIA TAKE WARNING

Under name of State Racing Commission, an initiative petition of 59,507 signatures has been filed with the Secretary of State calling for a ballot at the November election to open up race track gambling in California. It is said the petition was managed by Adolph Spreckels, Tom Williams, owner of Emeryville track, George Rose and others interested in racing. They paid men \$5.00 a day and expenses to circulate the petition. The "expenses" covered whatever was necessary to obtain the signatures.

The bill provides for the Paris-Mutual machine method of betting used in France and Kentucky. If it receives a majority vote at November election, five days after the vote is declared the Walker-Otis law, passed by the Legislature of 1909 after a hard fought battle, will be repealed and the race gambling vice will again curse the Golden State.

Mr. Harry Brolaski, an expert on race track matters, who will assist the writer in a whirlwind campaign against the proposed law, writes:

A Pari-Mutual machine is a piece of machinery made to register the bets upon a horse race. It is a recording machine whereby the public at a race track purchase tickets upon the horse that they think will win the race. If there are eight horses in a race and eight men bet on the eight different horses, the machine will register the amount of each bet and totalize the amount of money received. Then when the race is over, it divides the money through the aid of a clerk, 5 per cent going to the racing association for holding the stakes and 95 per cent to the men who have picked out the winning horses.

The promoters of the bill are already busy working for its passage. They will doubtless be willing to spend \$100,000 or double that amount if necessary, to break down the present law. The only difference will be that a machine will record the bet instead of a bookmaker. Let every pulpit in the state begin to fire its broadsides against this enemy to society and every protector of the home awake to action.

G. L. TUFTS.

Berkeley, Cal.

WEEKLY REST DAY MOVEMENT

Fact 1. Petitions were sent in June to 1400 pastors, representing ten denominations, and 100 more were distributed among labor unions. Y. M. C. A.'s and W. C. T. U.'s.

Fact 2. Not more than half a dozen pieces of this mail were reported "Unclaimed" by the postmasters, a proof that all the other of the 1500 petitions were delivered.

Fact 3. The following is the number of petitions certified to by the different county clerks and forwarded to the Secretary of State. Kern County 17; Colusa 22; Amador. 24; Nevada, 42; Marin, 52; San Luis Obispo, 54; Sutter, 55; San Francisco, 59; Butte, 61; Napa, 73; Humboldt, 79; Yuba. 79; Solano. 80; Santa Cruz, 81; Orange. 84; Mendocino, 86; Lake 89; Merced, 101; Sacramento, 107; Kings, 108; Sonoma, 113; San Benito, 125; Tulare, 149; Santa Barbara, 155; Stanislaus, 172; Imperial, 174; San Joaquin. 208 Contra Costa, 261; San Diego, 306; Fresno, 322; San Bernardino, 368; Riverside, 518; Santa Clara, 603; Alameda. 1475; Los Angeles, 2307; Total 8610. In several counties we learn that a few lists were not filed in time to be counted, but they can be used with the supplemental petition. Several counties to which petition were sent made no returns whatever. Of the 34 counties which filed petitions,

just one-half had less than 100 accepted signatures, ten had between 100 and 200, three between 200 and 300, and four had over 500.

Fact 4. Only 4167 names were reported for the Anti-prize Fight petition, less than one-half the number for the Weekly Rest Day Bill. But the petition for an initiative vote to re-open race-track gambling which was backed by half a dozen track gamblers, obtained nearly five times as many signatures as on the other two combined.

Fact 5. San Francisco, the metropolis of the state, sent in 28,000 accepted signatures in favor of a ballot to re-open race gambling and 59, chiefly from the barbers' union, for a vote in behalf of the American rest day.

Fact 6. The Weekly Rest Day League mailed over 1500 supplemental petitions to all parts of the state from Del Norte to Imperial counties before the first petition had been certified to the Secretary of the State, as the law clearly provides for such a petition. The remaining 22,000 names can easily be obtained by August 26th, provided the petitions sent to the pastors are all put into circulation at once. Let brotherhoods and laymen generally assist the busy pastors in this line of work. Apply to address below for additional petitions of instructions.

Fact 7. Under its former title of The Reform League a state campaign was waged in behalf of the Walker-Otis law against race gambling, and announcement is hereby made that this League will lead in a campaign to prevent its repeal at the November election.

Weekly Rest Day League.
1567 Le Roy Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

THE NEW ENGLAND COUNTRY CHURCHES.

The Boston Transcript says that there died recently in Massachusetts an aged farmer who left each of the Protestant churches in his home place four thousand dollars. "It was a great surprise, for he had not been identified with any one of them, and was not supposed to have any interest in the religious life of the community. He evidently was moved by a sentiment which is growing in rural New England, and is likely to have a marked and far-reaching influence. This is a feeling that the church life has been a large factor in making New England what it is, that it must not be allowed to wane if New England is to retain her prestige, and that there is a real danger that it will gradually weaken—until it becomes an insignificant element. The taking up of many farms by foreigners is resulting in the loss of those who used to be the strong supporters of the churches. In many towns and villages the small manufacturing establishments have been unable to sustain themselves in competition with the larger enterprises of the cities and are disappearing. The heads of these industries were largely the financial pillars of the churches in those localities. Thus deprived of a part of their constituency, and much of it the strongest financially, it begins to look as though many of the town and country churches could not long sustain themselves, even in localities that have not been overchurched. The salaries of the ministers, none too large before, instead of rising with the increased cost of living, are in danger of being cut to an even lower figure. Yet in all these communities there is a portion of the old-time population, and for it the churches must be supported, as well as for the indirect influence upon the foreign-born population, which should have kept before them the standards and ideals which have given New England her greatness. The work of the church-

es must be sustained, and to save it the sons and daughters of New England are remembering the churches in their wills. The old farmer is not an exception."

THE MAN ON THE STREET.

Robert Le Roy Glasby.

Who is he? The Man on the Street, whoever he is, is one of the greatest problems before the modern church.

He may or may not be homeless. He is permanent, or he is transient. He represents every trade and profession, or none at all. He possesses every grade of intelligence, culture, experience, success, or failure. He is strong, or he is weak of influence. He maintains every attitude toward the Christian religion. He is a living soul—our brother.

How came he there? He is there by chance; or he is there by deliberate choice. He is there because his business demands it; he is there because he is out of work. He is there because right home environment is wanting. He is there because of the inefficiency of the average Sunday-school which he attended when a boy. He is there because of the emptiness or shallowness of the message brought to him by the local clergy, or because the man behind the message was insincere or shallow in spiritual depths. Or, he is there because the ground upon which good seed fell would produce no better fruit—but he is there.

What is my responsibility as a pastor? If Mark xvi: 15 was meant for me, then he belongs to my parish. "Preach the gospel to every creature." These words were from my Master's lips, and are very significant. "Every creature." "But," says one, "I am responsible to my church alone—to the flock which has called me, or to which I have been appointed to minister, and the congregation which commits itself to my care. They, not he, pay my salary."

Have I, then, no further responsibility but to the members of my church and congregation? What, then, does Christ mean by "every creature"? I am convinced that he means every one within my influence, even the man on the street. Opportunity alone is the measure of my responsibility.

True, a minister's pulpit and congregation are first, but as pastor of his church and leader of his people, he is more than the head of a select club, for while he is responsible for the religious culture of his immediate congregation, he is also a missionary to the community in the midst of which his church is located, and his citizenship responsibility is that of a public man and a leader. His life, therefore, belongs to his fellow-men, and here is where the Man on the Street comes in for a share. "But my church takes all my time," says one. And for what? What is my church doing with my time, if not to use a part of it, at least, to assist the church in discharging its responsibility to God through Christ for "every creature"? No church has a right to limit its pastor's effort to the manipulation of the machinery of the local organization. "He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith to the churches." "Sardis" would be a good name for any such church. If I serve a church that hath a name, that liveth, and is not dead, then together I and that church have a distinct responsibility to the Man on the Street.

What is the chance of reaching him? Christ said to Simon and Andrew his brother: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." Now, fishermen's luck varies. Many of us can no doubt sympathize with those fishermen who had toiled all night and taken nothing. But, when we go a-fishing we must follow the Christ, would we succeed, and if we follow him we shall catch some fish. We shall doubtless be more successful if not easily discouraged, and if we do not expect too much, and if we obey the rules laid down for successful fishing. A good fisherman keeps himself out of sight as much as possible.

As to the Man on the Street, he is not always so hard to reach as some think. Mere contact often dispels the film of prejudice which blinds his eyes to the good the church is doing, and would undertake disinterestedly in his behalf. Mark says: "The common people heard him gladly." True, here we have the common and the uncommon, so to speak, and it is difficult to exercise sufficient faith to reach many among them. However, it frequently happens that the one

or two who alone may be gathered in from among the men on the street prove to be worth more than a whole Sardis church. The John B. Goughs, the Gypsy Smiths, the Billy Sundays, were but men on the street. And with all our pulpit effort, how often do we find that among our regular congregation are many who seem to be holding an umbrella over themselves while they listen, while it is just the simple, straightforward life, on fire with the yearning love of Christ, and lived among the men on the street, that wins.

I have in mind an earnest young pastor who was very anxious to win for Christ a certain brilliant attorney of the town, who was a man of the street, but whose wife was a member of his church. During a series of special meetings the young pastor urged the wife to bring her husband, and he came. Very much encouraged, the young pastor gave more care to his sermons, with the brilliant attorney always in mind. Near the close of the series he was overjoyed to see the attorney stand and confess Christ. "I'm so glad," said the young pastor, "and now would you be so kind as to tell me which one of my sermons persuaded you?" "Sermons? Pardon me, brother, but I have never listened to your sermons," said the attorney. "I came here to please my wife, not to hear sermons; but old Deacon John, your old janitor, every night would witness, 'I'm an old man now, but I'm trusting in Jesus, and I know I'm saved.' I've known the old man ever since I was a boy, and always had confidence in his religion, and whenever I would think about my being an old man some day, too, I knew he had something worth while, without which I felt I could never be able to say, when I would be old like him, 'I know I'm saved.' No, young man, it was not your sermons, but good old Deacon John's faithful life and witness for Christ that persuaded me."

"But let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we reap if we faint not," as Paul says. And again, and again, "He that planteth and he that watereth are one, but each shall receive his own reward according to his own labor."

What is the best way to reach him? The best way is the one by which you succeed. There are almost as many methods as there are men to use them, or men on the street to be reached. But I am not here to instruct you in the special method that you should use, for I myself am only a learner. However, I have observed some methods being followed with varying degrees of success. None of them new. I will mention but a few.

(1) **Preaching on the street.**—Among the successful pastors in the city of Minneapolis some years ago was Dr. W. B. Riley, pastor of the First Baptist Church. He was also successful in winning the man on the street, by going down on the street himself and preaching to him Sunday afternoons, but he well nigh lost his job in so doing, for some of the men he thus won for Christ would insist on joining Dr. Riley's church, rough as they were, of course, much to the disgust of some of his aristocratic members, who informed their pastor that he must stop that sort of thing or they would withdraw their support. Dr. Riley replied that he must obey God rather than men. He continued, and although some of his members left the church he was big enough man to hold his job in spite of the opposition, and many of the city's problems were unraveled by the power of God through Dr. Riley's work.

I am told that in the city of Los Angeles last year, under the auspices of the Church Federation, the big men of the big churches each took his turn in going down on the street corners Sunday afternoon and preaching to the man on the street. Union meetings in the parks Sunday evenings during the summer months also reach many not otherwise touched.

(2) **Wearing plain clothes.** This is not a new idea any more than is the other. It is remarkable how the clergy has changed within the past two decades in its estimate of the necessity of wearing "regimentals" on all occasions. However, it would seem that some still attach more importance to clerical appearance and professional dignity than they do to the imitation of the Master, who mingled among the men of the street, and even sat down and ate with publicans and sinners.

I recall two or three men in a certain small town who were won to church attendance through their mistaking the local minister for a business man. His broad-minded

conversation and personality so impressed them that when, to their astonishment, they learned he was a minister, much as they were prejudiced against the church and the ministry, they said: "Let's go and hear him. He's a man, even if he is a minister." Too much stress on priestly regalia on all occasions often hinders.

(3) **An open door.**—Some pastors, especially in small towns, keep an open door, and are "at home" with their family and friends to the man on the street one night in the week or month, with good results. A personal invitation, a well-lighted house, a cheery welcome, a light refreshment at the proper time, and the very best music to be had, given by a few local musicians, whose sympathetic co-operation has been previously enlisted, are among the effective attractions. Often a good voice may be discovered among the very men sought, and its owner persuaded to contribute to the pleasure of the company, and by so doing make the very men you are after feel that they are in a measure indispensable to the success of the evening.

A certain pastor I know discovered a rich baritone voice singing evenings in the back room of a drug store which was suspected of being a blind pig. Knowing the reputation of the place, he nevertheless sought the acquaintance of the singer, and found what he had surmised, that he was singing in that den not because he preferred the environment—for that he detested—but because he loved to sing, and found there an open door, a piano, a cheery welcome, and an applauding audience. It took almost a plot to get him to come for the first time. After that it was easier, and he brought others. A great change was wrought in this man, and he became a very valuable aid to the pastor in reaching other men on the street.

Some came who were smokers, and brought their cigars with them, and were permitted to sit on the porch and smoke as long as they desired. The pastor was criticised for tolerating such things at the minister's home, but he felt that he was more justified in such tolerance than when tolerating the "Judge Strong" officials at a business meeting, or a lot of narrow-minded, back-biting women at a "ladies aid" meeting. It was with much gratification, however, that he often found the smoker so thoroughly enjoying the evening as to forget to light his cigar.

(4) **Active interest in civic affairs.** Every town has its chamber of commerce, board of trade, or farmers and merchants' club, which studies the needs of the community along business educational, and moral lines. As an active member of such an organization, many a pastor has found with deep satisfaction how much more approachable some of the men become. Through touching elbows with him in civic affairs they come to know him as something more than what they had supposed him to be—simply a fanatical reformer; and another avenue is thus opened to touch the life of the man on the street.

(5). **The fraternal orders.** One rendezvous where the man on the street is to be found strongly fortified against the approach of the church is the fraternal order. Indeed, here he resents the insinuation that he is in any need of the church whatever. He even despises the church for being, in his opinion, less sincere and less effective than is the fraternal order in the practice of the Christian grace called brotherly love. When no other way can be found to scale this fortification, a minister may well consider whether he should not apply for membership there himself, that he may touch the life of the man he is seeking to reach. This, and not the benefits secured through the order, should be his primary motive for such membership.

Here, indeed, is delicate and debatable ground. Some of you are members of such orders now. Some have been, perhaps, and have withdrawn for conscientious reasons. Others are shocked at the very suggestion. The religious conscience involved is a vital matter with you, and should be with all. Those of you who have been members, and afterwards withdrawn, have done so, perhaps, because the ritual of the order was silent regarding the name of Christ. But, while that silence is a fact, it is not a forbidding silence. By this I mean that a member of the order may believe and live the Christ if he will, and be all the more beloved and respected by other members of the order. And, while the ritual, in omitting to mention the name of Christ, thus

lacks an essential, it is nevertheless full of vital religious truths, and is therefore good so far as it goes, and is to that extent safe. We know, furthermore, that every creed is limited and imperfect to a greater or less degree, and if one were to shun every religious teaching which is imperfect, he would have to shun all the churches as well. But he who goes farther in his religious belief and practice than the fraternal order leads him, by taking the order for what it is worth and entering there, may thus open a channel through which to reach the man on the street whom he finds there, and point him to other and better things not included in the teachings of the order, giving him a vision of the Divine Brotherhood.

We know that even the Lord's Prayer is silent as to the name of Christ or any reference to him, and yet it is the universal prayer, and is also used by the fraternal order in its ritualistic services. This very use of the Lord's Prayer, if done in sincerity of heart, is evidence of a deep reverence for the name of Christ not to be overlooked.

I am convinced that if Christ were standing on one side of a closed door, while behind that door he should hear a man of the street praying sincerely, even though blindly, the prayer he gave, Christ would knock at that door desiring to enter there that he might give that man more light, and if a lodge door is all that keeps me from touching, for Christ's sake, the life of the man on the street, then woe is me if I refuse to seek an entrance behind that door for that man's sake.

But with all our earnest efforts, let us keep well in mind that success is not to be measured in numbers. A single soul is as precious in God's sight as a score. And keep also in mind, when touching the life of the man on the street, that though we may fail to bring him into actual membership of the church, we may yet be very far from failure. To have discovered and entered a channel through which we lift him to higher ideals, learning at the same time the secret of keeping the channel open, is indeed a very commendable victory. And if through any or all methods we may have won but a few, remember, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Calxico, California.

THE SONG OF THE MANY.

We broke the yoke of the Aryan Kings,
And we burst our bonds in Cathay;
We waged good war on the mid-sea shore,
And the towers of Tyre prevailed no more;
Babylon's walls to the ground we threw,
And the millions of Timur, the Tartar, we slew;
Istar and Isis we hurled to doom,
And we shrouded foul Nineveh's halls in gloom;
Rome broke her pact and we crumbled her fanes,
Forum and Parthenon rust in the rains;
Attila's curs to their kennels we drove,
And the skull of the ravaging Vandal we clove;
Down through the ages, from Egypt to Spain—
Pharaoh, the Slaver, and Louis the Vain,
Lust-mad Belshazzar, and Caesar, who dared—
None who laid hands on our birthright we spared.
Man-god and beast-god and image of stone,
Idol of metal, of hot flesh and bone,
Menacing altar and menacing creed,
Hark to our purpose, and, harking, take heed;
None shall be proud with the pride of the wrong;
No head shall lift with a crown in the throng;
None shall be lordly and thrive in his boast,
No King shall be, save the King Uttermost.
Brothers eternal and well is our might,
Ours is the justice and strong is our right;
Wrought in the fire of souls is our steel,
Tempered in bloodshed and bled for the Weal;
They who make shackles make labor in vain;
We are the Many and wear not the Chain.

—Herbert Kaufman.

Tomorrow comes, and we are where?

Then let us live today.

—Schiller.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Oakland, Boulevard.—The Rev. E. J. Singer will take the work for a few months in connection with his work in Bethany Church, Berkeley.

Oakland, Olivet.—The Rev. B. Gould, recently pastor at Fresno, has entered on the work. A reception will be given him Friday evening of this week.

Oakland, Fourth.—The Rev. B. C. Brittin has presented his resignation and a council has been called to act thereon next Monday. Mr. Brittin wishes to take a country parish, that of the Presbyterian Church at Two Rock in Sonoma County.

Redwood.—The people of Redwood have had the pleasure of having the Rev. C. C. Kirtland, their former pastor, as pulpit supply the last two Sundays. Mr. Kirtland has been spending his vacation at Pacific Grove. Mr. Stevens, the pastor elect, is expected to take charge the first of September.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Thomas F. May, after a visit of two weeks in the San Francisco bay region, has returned to his home at Spokane, Washington.

The Rev. J. M. Barber of Forest Grove, Oregon, has finished a six weeks' supply of Bethlehem Church, San Francisco, and has returned to Oregon.

The Ministers' Wives Club of San Francisco and vicinity will hold a meeting in Plymouth Church, Oakland, on Tuesday, August the 20th, beginning at 11 a. m. Those having the meeting in charge ask for a full attendance.

Pacific Theological Seminary opens for the ensuing year on Tuesday, August the 20th. At 10 a. m. there will be public exercises in the chapel. Professor Tolson will give an address on "The Opportunity of American Protestantism."

President and Mrs. W. N. Ferrin of Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon, have been spending their vacation in Seattle, and last week had as their guest President McClelland of Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, who was president of Pacific several years ago.

Next Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will consider the question, Should Ruef Be Paroled? The Rev. S. C. Patterson has been appointed to lead in the discussion, and on the negative side. After that there will be "open parliament."

Aided by some friends of prisoners the American Bible Society is supplying the Alcatraz Island prison with six hundred Bibles. One will be placed in each cell as prison property. The prison on Alcatraz belongs to the United States government and is for army and navy prisoners.

Dr. Tufts of Berkeley, the secretary of the Weekly Rest Day League, has been in Southern California recently in the

interests of that movement. He was at Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Redlands and Riverside, and reports considerable interest in the Southland. Many churches there are joining heartily in the effort to secure a Sunday rest law.

Arrangements are being made for a meeting of the Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity in the evening of Tuesday, September the 10th. Presbyterians will be invited and a reception will be given to the Rev. Robert Walker and family who enters on the work of the Green Street field the first of September under the joint management of Congregationalists and Presbyterians.

Word comes of an exceptionally fine program for the annual meeting of the Northern California Conference which convenes at Pacific Grove the 15th of October. A commendable innovation in arrangement places the sermon and communion service Wednesday morning instead of some evening as heretofore. Mayflower Church plans for all delegates an automobile ride Friday morning around the seventeen mile drive.

The Congregational headquarters of Southern California are now in the Parish Building Annex of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, a suite of rooms therein having been generously offered by the First Church. For Washington they are in the fine new edifice built recently by Plymouth Church, Seattle. We hope that the time is not far distant when Congregational headquarters for Northern California and the Pacific Coast in general will be in some centrally located church building in San Francisco or in Greater San Francisco.

Superintendent Larkin of Southern California says that there have been a few responses to the call for lay preachers. In a recent bulletin he says: "There ought to be laymen in large numbers willing and equipped for such service. Is it not too much to ask that the occupying of the many new fields shall be left exclusively to the comparatively few men whom the State Conference can employ for the work? Unless we have a considerable number of devoted laymen who will do volunteer service in the new fields, we cannot do our Congregational part of winning our state."

COUNTERPOISE.

When I was a child and laughed in school
(For laughter little or nothing would do!)
That I might not break our Draco's rule,
I thought of the saddest things I knew:

Of the homesick dark, when I tossed on my cot,
And cried for the light and homeward way;
Of the singing-bird my hand forgot
Till, starved on the floor of its cage, it lay!

God wot that was many a year ago!
Now often I laugh that I may not cry;
And I think of the blithest things I know,
And the follies dear in the days gone by.

I make me mirth where'er I can;
I jest with the jester for brave relief,
Nor the griefs of the world too closely scan,
Lest I sit me down in my helpless grief.

—Edith M. Thomas.

The Home.

THE SCULPTOR.

"Make me a statue," said the king,
 "Of marble white as snow;
 It must be pure enough to stand
 Before my throne at my right hand,
 The niche is waiting. Go!"

The sculptor heard the king's command,
 And went upon his way;
 He had no marble, but he went
 With willing hands, and high intent
 To mold his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought in clay—
 Yet knew not what he wrought;
 He sought the help of heart and brain,
 Yet could not make the riddle plain,
 It lay beyond his thought.

Today the statute seemed to grow,
 Tomorrow it stood still;
 The third day all was well again;
 Thus year by year in joy and pain
 He wrought his Master's will.

At last his life-long work was done,
 It was a happy day;
 He took his statue to the King
 But trembled like a guilty thing
 Because it was but clay.

"Where is my statute?" said the King;
 "Here, Lord," the sculptor said;
 "But I commanded marble!" "True,
 But lacking that, what could I do
 But mold in clay instead?"

"Thou shalt not unrewarded go
 Since thou hast done thy best!
 Thy statue shall acceptance win,
 It shall be as it should have been—
 For I will do the rest!"

He touched the statue, and it changed—
 The clay fell off, and lo,
 A marble form before him stands,
 The perfect work of heavenly hands,
 An angel pure as snow!

—Bishop Doane.

REPROVE OR EXCUSE.

The hostess was saying to one of her guests who had the misfortune to break a cup: "It does not matter at all. Please do not trouble yourself about it."

"Doesn't it matter, truly, mamma?" cried the little daughter of the home in tones of such rank astonishment that a smile went round the room. No doubt the child was thinking that when she broke anything it did matter very much.

When the children have been awkward and have broken things, then too often it is another matter, says a writer in *The Mother's Magazine*, commenting on the incident. Last Christmas week I saw with pain a child slapped and scolded for breaking a cheap dish that was intended for a present. The mother was poorly dressed, and doubtless could ill afford to lose even that small amount, but the injustice and cruelty of the punishment, to say nothing of its utter uselessness, hurt every one who saw it.

Of course this is an extreme case. The average mother contents herself with a reasonable reprimand, and shows more or less annoyance over the matter. Perhaps most

mothers will defend this course by saying that the children are so careless and must be taught to be more careful. I am somewhat inclined to doubt some of the carelessness attributed to them. Most of the accidents are due to the natural awkwardness of untrained fingers. Have you not seen a child use the utmost care in handling some fragile thing and then break it? And even if it is what we call carelessness it is not premeditated, and cannot be broken up by reproof or punishment. Shall we, then, obey our impulse born of irritation and reprove the children for accidents? We expect them to learn to treat these matters as of no importance, and surely it would be better to set them an example in the way they should go. To treat them as you would a guest does not make them less sorry for the harm done, nor less anxious to do better in the future. In one case where it was tried the small son crept into his mothers' arms and said: "Mamma, I hope I'll never break anything again. It makes me feel so sorry when you say, 'Never mind, I know you couldn't help it.'"

Could any reproof accomplish more?

THE UNMANAGEABLE HOME FOLKS.

With all the love of home and the dear home people deeply settled in the lives and hearts of young people, and young people are almost always loyal to home and family, there lurks in the breasts of most young men and women the firm belief that nobody else has quite such trying relatives to deal with in any other home. The ideal son and daughter are always in complete accord with the will of father and mother, but in real life it doesn't work out that way. There comes a time in the history of most young folks when they want to reform the family in one way or another, and they feel sure that no reformer ever struck such unpromising material to work upon as that before them. They are willing to admit to themselves that the home circle is composed of the best people in the world, but even the best people may become still better.

And, really, there isn't any sin in this at all. We are all familiar with the story of the daughter who is ashamed of her parent's shabby garments or the untidy home and strives with might and main to make things better, and usually we get the impression that the daughter ought to be content with things as they are. By no means! If she can reform the home and the home people all the better, provided she is sure it needs reforming. Many a home needs a wise, kindly, affectionate daughter to lead it gently and firmly out of the ruts into which it has strayed, and daughters with ideas of reformation in their minds are very useful members of society. Young men who become dissatisfied with the old ruts of business and the professions are not to be condemned, for the world would never move unless somebody was dissatisfied with existing conditions and wanted to better them.

And the only reason that trouble ever arises is that the young reformers get in a hurry to see everything done at once and so bungle the work. The injunction of Scripture, "Here a little and there a little," has no charms for them, and they set to work with zeal and energy to wipe out existing conditions at one swoop. Why the idea of going at the house little by little never appeals to a capable girl just home from school, and able to see all the defects in the home in one comprehensive glance. Perish the thought! She will make a clean sweep or nothing. And the young

man fresh from college who takes up the dragging business interests with his father knows that nothing but a sure and complete revolution will save the business from ruin. And just here is where the home folks refuse to be managed. They grow more conservative than ever and cling to their idols with a tenacity they never thought possible themselves. If "mother" really wanted a new rug in the sitting-room she holds on to the old one just to be obstinate, the daughter thinks, while the elderly lady thinks that she must take a stand for her rights. In this way discord and unhappiness enter many homes, and young men and women are discouraged. The cities are full of young country people who declare in all earnestness that they were "driven" from the farm by the conservative ideas of their parents.

But the wise young person does not ruffle the feathers of the home people. Apparently falling into step with the family and keeping a close watch on the lips, the young person quietly sets the pace for the home army and the rest fall into line. Little by little reforms creep into dress, manners, customs, business, and everything, and the clever home folks think they are doing it all themselves. The reformers are so completely hidden that the delighted boys forget to be rude and noisy about the house when they find the serenity of "sis" is not easily disturbed, and in every department new life flows in to bring joy and gladness to all in the home circle.

Your home people are no more obstinate and conservative than John Smith's or Mary Robinson's, no matter how sure you may be on this subject. They may object to being managed openly, but they will be led by the silken cord of kindness where chains could not force them to go. Tact, patience, and kindness will win them every time, and the only reason more households fall behind the procession than move along with it is that the young reformers will not take the trouble to do the work thoroughly. And in the process the young person will find that the one member of the family who knows exactly how to do and behave and manage on every occasion needs the help and sympathy and support of every other member of the group, for reformers have the very bad habit of sometimes needing reformation themselves, and nobody can accomplish the work quite as well as the unmanageable home folks.

—Hilda Richmond.

Our Young People

WHEN TEDDY FELL OUT AND FELL IN.

Teddy fell out first, and for a whole day he and his chum Howard were not on speaking terms. Howard was quite willing to speak, but Teddy was not. He considered himself an injured person. Howard had laughed and teased him over a mistake he made in the history class. Teddy had solemnly assured the teacher that the colonial "minute men" were men ready "to dump tea overboard at any minute." There had been a little gust of merriment over poor Teddy's haphazard guess; and Howard had added insult to injury in Teddy's opinion by calling him the "minute man" during the recess that followed the history period.

History was Teddy's weak spot, and sore spot as well, while Howard learned it, slippery dates and all, very easily. And that teasing speech was the end of friendly intercourse for the day, until Teddy fell in.

It happened on the way home from school. Teddy went off alone toward home, and Howard, seeing that his company was not wanted, made no effort to catch up to him, but walked leisurely along the same path a good way in the rear.

The path lay along the bank of a quite respectably large stream, which ran swift and deep in some places. Howard could see Teddy tramping along ahead, swinging his strap full of books, but not whistling as merrily as usual, when he was not talking to Howard or listening to him.

Howard smiled a little to himself at his friend's grumpiness. He was sorry he had offended him so deeply, when he had not in the least intended to do so.

"But he just feels a little cross today anyway, I guess. Some other time he might not have taken any notice of it," he said to himself comfortably. "I guess he will get over it before long." And he did.

Half way up the stream, around a little bend, Howard found but a little way ahead of him Teddy, standing on the very edge of the bank, and leaning forward watching for something intently.

"Muskrat!" was Howard's first thought, and he quickened his pace.

Teddy heard him coming, looked up quickly, and then—before Howard quite saw how the thing happened, the treacherous, undermined bank gave way and poor Teddy slid with it into the deepest spot in the whole stream.

Howard was a very small fraction of a minute in getting to the spot. Throwing himself at full length on the bank, he held out his hand, and Teddy—his anger cooled perhaps by the sudden plunge—was very willing to accept his assistance in climbing up the steep, slippery bank.

Howard wanted to laugh at the sight of the dripping figure—he always did see the funny side of things first. But he restrained the inclination in the interests of peace and harmony. Nevertheless, the merry twinkle in his eyes and his remark, "Got pretty wet, didn't you?" meant to be very serious and kind, was too much for Teddy.

"A little damp, I guess," he said, and then went off into a shout of laughter. "I went overboard in less than a minute, didn't I?" he said chokingly. "Say, if I had not been such a silly over what you said about the history you'd have been along—and gone in with me, maybe," with friendly regret in his tone.

"O, I don't mind. I don't envy you at all. And I am glad that I came along in time to pull you out. You would have had a long wade down to where the bank is not too steep to climb out. Now let's get along home. You need some dry clothes, I think," and the boy who fell out with him and then fell in without him went along with him in the old friendly fashion.

And though, boy-like, they did not say any more about the falling out, one of them resolved to curb his temper a little more in the future; and the other made a good anti-teasing resolution which, like most good resolutions well kept, made it easier for the other to keep his.—Cora S. Day.

AN AMERICAN NAME.

A writer in Everybody's Magazine tells of a somewhat unpatriotic little son of Italy, twelve years old; who came to his teacher in the public school and asked if he could not have his name changed.

"Why do you wish to change your name?" asked the teacher.

"I want to be an American. I live in America now. I no longer want to be a Dago."

"What American name would you like to have?"

"I have it here," he said, handing the teacher a dirty scrap of paper on which was written—Patrick Dennis McCarthy.

WHERE TOM FOUND HIS MANNERS.

Tom's father was a rich man, and Tom lived in a large house in the country. He had a pony and many other pets, and wore fine clothes. Tom was very proud of all the fine things his father's money bought. He began to think that being rich was better than being good. He grew very rude, and was cross to the servants. Once he kicked Towser; but the dog growled and Tom was afraid to kick him again.

One day, when Tom was playing in the yard, he saw a boy standing by the gate. He was ragged and dirty, his hat was torn, and his feet were bare; but he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blackberries.

"Go away from here," said Tom, running to the gate. "We do not want any boys around."

"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are so rich, you can spare me a dipper of water."

"We can't spare you anything," said Tom. "If you don't go away, I will set the dogs on you."

The boy laughed, and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries, too," said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate into the lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

Tom saw some fine large ones growing just over a ditch. He thought he could leap over it very easily. He gave a run and a big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought; and, instead of going over it, he came down in the middle of it.

The mud was very thick and soft, and Tom sank down in it to his waist. He was frightened and began to scream for help; but he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He screamed until he was tired. He began to think that he would have to spend the night in the ditch, when he heard steps on the grass. Looking up he saw the boy he had driven from the gate.

"Please help me out," said Tom, crying. "I will give you a dollar."

"I don't want the dollar," said the other boy. Lying down flat on the grass, he held out both of his hands to Tom, and drew him out of the ditch.

Tom was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

"Who is dirty now?" asked the boy.

"I am," said poor Tom; "but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire, and I am sorry I sent you away from the gate."

"The next time I come, perhaps you will treat me better," said the boy. "I am not rich; but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners."

"I think so, too," said Tom.

The next day, when Tom saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits, doves, and ducks, and gave him a ride on his pony.

"You have better manners now," said the boy.

"Yes," said Tom; "I found them in the ditch."—Florence V. Halliwell, in the Sunday School Visitor.

HAPPY HEART

Gretchen lived in a basement room

With Karl, and Wilhelm, and Franz,
And Father, and Mother, and Grandmother,
And Baby and Uncle Hans.

But Gretchen played that the dingy home
Was a palace, stately and tall,
In which she lived, a kindly queen,
With her beautiful Princess Doll.

The doll was the round of a broken chair,
In a single garment dressed.
In Gretchen's eyes it was fair to see,
And she hugged it to her breast.

Her daily portion of scanty food
To Gretchen was a feast.
She played that the bread was turkey and pie,
And ten other things at least.

Dear Grandmother was a fairy witch,
A magic wand her cane,
Which conjured forth the wondrous things
A palace should contain.

Karl and Wilhelm and Franz were kings
With golden crowns on their hair,
So Gretchen played and Gretchen dreamed,
And to her the world was fair.

Canst thou see no beauty nigh?
Cure thy dull, distempered eye.
Canst thou no sweet music hear?
Tune thy sad, discordant ear.
Earth has beauty everywhere
If the eye that sees is fair.
Earth has music to delight
If the ear is tuned aright.

—Nixon Waterman.

What mortal knows
Whence come the tint and odor of the rose?
What probing deep
Has ever solved the mystery of sleep?

—Aldrich.

In Eastern lands they talk of flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

J. G. Percival.

Ethel, aged four, had been to visit her cousins, two fun-loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee, and was telling him of her visit. "Papa, every night John and George say their prayers; they ask God to make them good boys," said she. "That is nice," said papa. Then thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said: "He hasn't done it yet."

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A friend of ours who carried a skating rink under his hat was being chafed by an acquaintance who boasted a heavy shock of red hair. Said the red-headed man to the bald-headed man: "I suppose when you got to where they were giving out hair it was all gone." "Oh, no!" said our friend; "there was plenty of red hair left, but I wouldn't have that."

—Ex.

A LITTLE TALK AT DINNER.

The girl had been married five or six years, and in the main was happy and still "the Girl." Her intelligence and charm, together with her husband's sincerity and kindness, had made for the couple a circle of friends and acquaintances that included many of the "best" people in town, which, of course, is too often taken to mean merely the people of most wealth and highest social position. The only flaw in the Girl's happiness was the modest size of her husband's income.

Today she had been one of the guests at a little reception. "The Davises are charming people," she remarked that night at dinner. "I wish we could see more of them."

"Well, I don't know why we can't," her husband answered, cherefully. "Joe Davis was a close friend of mine in our school days. We'll have them down here."

"I don't know what they would think of our house after their elegant place," the Girl replied, doubtfully. "Everything about their home is so beautiful—so nice!"

"Why should we care what they think?"

"But don't you care?"

"Not in the least. This is our home; not any one else's. It is in keeping with our circumstances, and therefore

it is honest, and represents us. My income is twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Joe Davis' is eight or ten thousand. Joe likes and respects me now—at least, I believe he does; but would he continue to if I tried to cheat people into thinking we were richer than we are?

"You are not getting the happiness out of life that you should, my dear. There is too much 'Wait till we get the new dining room furniture,' or 'Yes, as soon as the floors are done over,' or 'Well, after my new dress is finished.' Aren't we cheapening our friends by assuming that they care more for these material things than for us? If not, aren't we cheapening ourselves by continuing to call them friends?"

"The Davises' house is better than ours, but the Mortons' is just as much ahead of the Davises', and I know Morton quite as well as I know Davis. If we try the Davis standard of living now, can we avoid the Morton standard by and by?"

There is too much of this in our American life. I want to keep clear of it. Let us live our own lives, honestly and openly, enjoying the things we can afford and the friends who like us for what we are, and letting the others go their way."

The Girl thought at the time that the lecture was somewhat severe, but she could find no flaw in the argument, nor has she found any since.—The Youth's Companion.

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